

*Prin.* How shall we part with them in setting forth?

*Po.* Why, we will let forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to faile; and then will they aduenture vpon the exploit themselves, which they shall haue no sooner atchieued, but wee'll set vpon them.

*Prin.* Yea: but 'tis like that they will know vs by our horses, by our habits, and by euery other appointment to be our selues.

*Po.* Tut, our horses they shal not see, i'll tie the in the wood, our vizards wee will change after wee leaue them; and sirra, I haue cases of Buckrom for the nonce, to immaske our noted outward garments.

*Prin.* Yea, but I doubt they will be too hard for vs.

*Po.* Well, for two of them, I know them to bee as true bred cowards as euer turnd backe: and for the third, if he fight longer then he sees reason, Ile forswear armes. The vertue of this ieast will be the incomprehensible lies, that this same fat rogue will tell vs when wee meet at supper, how thirtie at least hee fought with, what wards, what blowes, what extremities he incurred, and in the reproofe of this lyes the ieast.

*Prince.* Well, i'll goe with thee, prouide vs all things necessarie, and meete me to morrow night in Eastcheape, there i'll sup: farewell.

*Po.* Farewell my Lord. *Exit Poines.*

*Prin.* I know you all, and will a while vphold The vnyokt humour of your idlenesse, Yet herein will I imitate the Sunne, Who doth permit the base contagious clouds To smother vp his beautie from the world, That when he please againe to be himselfe, Being wanted he may be more wondred at By breaking through the foule and vgly mists Of vapours that did seeme to strangle him. If all the yeere were playing holy-dayes, To sport would be as tedious as to worke; But when they seldome come, they wisht for come, And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents: So when this loose behaviour I throw off, And pay the debt I neuer promised,

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By how much better then my word I am, By so much shall I falsifie mens hopes, And like bright mettall on a sullen ground, My reformation glittering on'e my fault, Shal shew more goodly, and attract more eyes, Then that which hath no foile to set it off. Ile so offend, to make offence a skill, Redeeming time when men thinke least I will. *Exit.*

*Enter the King, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspur, Sir Walter Blunt, with others.*

*King.* My blood hath bin too cold and temperate, Vnapt to stir at these indignities, And you haue found me, for accordingly You tread vpon my patience, but be sure I will from henceforth rather be my selfe Mightie, and to be feared, then my condition, Which hath bin smooth as oyle, soft as yong downe, And therefore lost that title of respect, Which the proud soule ne're payes but to the proud.

*Wor.* Our house (my soueraigne liege) little deserues The scourge of greatnesse to be vsed on it, And that same greatnesse to, which our owne hands Haue holpe to make so portly. *North.* My Lord,

*King.* Worcester, get thee gone, for I doe see Danger, and disobedience in thine eie: O sir, your presence is too bold and peremptorie, And Maiestie might neuer yet endure The mondie frontier of a seruant brow, You haue good leaue to leaue vs: when we need Your vse & counsell, we shall send for you. *Exit Wor.* You were about to speake.

*North.* Yea, my good Lord. Those prisoners in your highnes name demanded, Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon tooke, Were as he saies, not with such strength denied As is deliuered to your maiestie. Either enuie therefore, or misprision, Is guiltie of this fault, and not my sonne.

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Hotsp.